To. Which way is hee in the name of sanctity. If all the diuels of hell be drawne in little, and Legion himselfe possest him, yet Ile speake to him.

Fab. Heere he is, heere he is: how ist with you sir? How ist with you man?

Mal. Go off, I discard you: let me enioy my priuate: go off.

Mar. Lo, how hollow the fiend speakes within him; did not I tell you? Sir *Toby*, my Lady prayes you to haue a care of him.

Mal. Ah ha, does she so?

To. Go too, go too: peace, peace, wee must deale gently with him: Let me alone. How do you *Maluolio*? How ist with you? What man, defie the diuell: consider, he's an enemy to mankinde.

Mal. Do you know what you say?

Mar. La you, and you speake ill of the diuell, how he takes it at heart. Pray God he be not bewitch'd.

Fab. Carry his water to th'wise woman.

Mar. Marry and it shall be done to morrow morning if I liue. My Lady would not loose him for more then ile say.

Mal. How now mistris?

Mar. Oh Lord.

To. Prethee hold thy peace, this is not the way: Doe you not see you moue him? Let me alone with him.

Fa. No way but gentlenesse, gently, gently: the Fiend is rough, and will not be roughly vs'd.

To. Why how now my bawcock? how dost ye chuck?

Mal. Sir.

To. I biddy, come with me. What man, tis not for gravity to play at cherrie-pit with sathan Hang him foul Colliar.

Mar. Get him to say his prayers, good sir *Toby* gette him to pray.

Mal. My prayers Minx.

Mar. No I warrant you, he will not heare of godlynesse.

Mal. Go hang your selues all: you are ydle shallowe things, I am not of your element, you shall knowe more heereafter. *Exit*

To. Ist possible?

Fa. If this were plaid vpon a stage now, I could condemne it as an improbable fiction.

To His very genius hath taken the infection of the deuice man.

Mar. Nay pursue him now, least the deuice take ayre, and taint.

Fa. Why we shall make him mad indeede.

Mar. The house will be the quieter.

To. Come, wee'l haue him in a darke room & bound. My Neece is already in the beleefe that he's mad: we may carry it thus for our pleasure, and his pennance, til our very pastime tyred out of breath, prompt vs to haue mercy on him: at which time, we wil bring the deuice to the bar and crowne thee for a finder of madmen: but see, but see.

Enter Sir Andrew.

Fa. More matter for a May morning.

An. Heere's the Challenge, reade it: I warrant there's vinegar and pepper in't.

Fab. Ist so sawcy?

And. I, ist? I warrant him: do but read.

To. Giue me.

Youth, whatsoeuer thou art, thou art but a scurvy fellow.

Fa. Good, and valiant.

To. Wonder not, nor admire not in thy minde why I doe call thee so, for I will shew thee no reason for't.

Fa. A good note, that keepes you from the blow of the Law.

To. Thou comst to the Lady Olivia, and in my sight she vses thee kindly: but thou lyest in thy throat, that is not the matter I challenge thee for.

Fa. Very breefe, and to exceeding good sence-lesse.

To. I will way-lay thee going home, where if it be thy chance to kill me.

Fa. Good.

To. Thou kilst me like a rogue and a villaine.

Fa. Still you keepe o'th windie side of the Law: good.

Tob. Fartheewell, and God haue mercie vpon one of our soules. He may haue mercie vpon mine, but my hope is better, and so looke to thy selfe. Thy friend as thou vsest him, & thy sworne enemie, Andrew Ague-cheeke.

To. If this Letter moue him not, his legges cannot: Ile giu't him.

Mar. Yon may haue verie fit occasion for't: he is now in some commerce with my Ladie, and will by and by depart.

To. Go sir *Andrew*: scout mee for him at the corner of the Orchard like a bum-Baylie: so soone as euer thou seest him, draw, and as thou draw'st, sweare horrible: for it comes to passe oft, that a terrible oath, with a swaggering accent sharpely twang'd off, giues manhoode more approbation, then euer proofe it selfe would haue earn'd him. Away.

And. Nay let me alone for swearing. *Exit*

To. Now will not I deliuer his Letter: for the behaviour of the yong Gentleman, giues him out to be of good capacity, and breeding: his employment betweene his Lord and my Neece, confirmes no lesse. Therefore, this Letter being so excellently ignorant, will breed no terror in the youth: he will finde it comes from a Clodde-pole. But sir, I will deliuer his Challenge by word of mouth; set vpon *Ague-cheeke* a notable report of valor, and driue the Gentleman (as I know his youth will aptly receiue it) into a most hideous opinion of his rage, skill, furie, and impetuositie. This will so fright them both, that they will kill one another by the looke, like Cockatrices.

Enter Olivia and Viola.

Fab. Heere he comes with your Neece, giue them way till he take leaue, and presently after him.

To I wil meditate the while vpon some horrid message for a Challenge.

Ol. I haue said too much vnto a hart of stone,
And laid mine honour too vnchary on't:
There's something in me that reproues my fault;
But such a head-strong potent fault it is,
That it but mockes reproofe.

Vio. With the same hauiour that your passion beares,
Goes on my Masters greefes.

Ol. Heere, weare this Iewell for me, tis my picture:
Refuse it not, it hath no tongue, to vex you:
And I beseech you come againe to morrow.
What shall you aske of me that Ile deny,
That honour (sau'd) may vpon asking giue.

Vio. Nothing but this, your true loue for my master.

Ol. How with mine honor may I giue him that,
Which I haue giuen to you.

Vio I will acquit you.

Ol. Well, come againe to morrow: far-thee-well,
A Fiend like thee might beare my soule to hell.

Enter Toby and Fabian.

To. Gentleman, God saue thee.

Vio. And you sir.

To. That defence thou hast, betake thee too't: of what nature the wrongs are thou hast done him, I knowe not: but thy intercepter full of despight, bloody as the Hunter, attends thee at the Orchard end: dismount thy tucke, be yare in thy preparation, for thy assaylant is quick, skilfull, and deadly.

Vio. You mistake sir I am sure, no man hath any quarrell to me: my remembrance is very free and cleere from any image of offence done to any man.

To. You'l finde it otherwise I assure you: therefore, if you hold your life at any price, betake you to your gard: for your opposite hath in him what youth, strength, skill, and wrath, can furnish man withall.

Vio. I pray you sir what is he?

To. He is knight dubb'd with vnhatch'd Rapier, and on carpet consideration, but he is a diuell in priuate brall, soules and bodies hath he diuorc'd three, and his incensement at this moment is so implacable, that satisfaction can be none, but by pangs of death and sepulcher: Hob, nob, is his word: giu't or take't.

Vio. I will returne againe into the house, and desire some conduct of the Lady. I am no fighter, I haue heard of some kinde of men, that put quarrells purposely on others, to taste their valour: belike this is a man of that quirke.

To. Sir, no: his indignation deriues it selfe out of a very competent iniurie, therefore get you on, and giue him his desire. Backe you shall not to the house, vnlesse you vndertake that with me, which with as much safetie you might answer him: therefore on, or strippe your sword starke naked: for meddle you must that's certain, or forsweare to weare iron about you.

Vio. This is as vnciuill as strange. I beseech you doe me this courteous office, as to know of the Knight what my offence to him is: it is something of my negligence, nothing of my purpose.

To. I will do so. Signiour *Fabian*, stay you by this Gentleman, till my returne. *Exit Toby.*

Vio. Pray you sir, do you know of this matter?

Fab. I know the knight is incenst against you, euen to a mortall arbitrement, but nothing of the circumstance more.

Vio. I beseech you what manner of man is he?

Fab. Nothing of that wonderfull promise to read him by his forme, as you are like to finde him in the proofe of his valour. He is indeede sir, the most skilfull, bloudy, & fatall opposite that you could possibly haue found in anie part of Illyria: will you walke towards him, I will make your peace with him, if I can.

Vio. I shall bee much bound to you for't: I am one, that had rather go with sir Priest, then sir knight: I care not who knowes so much of my mettle. *Exeunt.*

Enter Toby and Andrew.

To. Why man hee's a verie diuell, I haue not seen such a firago: I had a passe with him, rapier, scabberd, and all: and he giues me the stucke in with such a mortall motion that it is ineuitable: and on the answer, he payes you as surely, as your feete hits the ground they step on. They say, he has bin Fencer to the Sophy.

And. Pox on't, Ile not meddle with him.

To. I but he will not now be pacified,
Fabian can scarse hold him yonder.

An. Plague on't, and I thought he had beene valiant, and so cunning in Fence, I'de haue seene him damn'd ere I'de haue challeng'd him. Let him let the matter slip, and Ile giue him my horse, gray Capilet.

To. Ile make the motion: stand heere, make a good shew on't, this shall end without the perdition of soules, marry Ile ride your horse as well as I ride you.

Enter Fabian and Viola.

I haue his horse to take vp the quarrell, I haue perswaded him the youths a diuell.

Fa. He is as horribly conceited of him: and pants, & lookes pale, as if a Beare were at his heeles.

To. There's no remedie sir, he will fight with you for's oath sake: marrie hee hath better bethought him of his quarrell, and hee findes that now scarse to bee worth talking of: therefore draw for the supportance of his vowe, he protests he will not hurt you.

Vio. Pray God defend me: a little thing would make me tell them how much I lacke of a man.

Fab. Giue ground if you see him furious.

To. Come sir *Andrew*, there's no remedie, the Gentleman will for his honors sake haue one bowt with you: he cannot by the Duello auoide it: but hee has promised me, as he is a Gentleman and a Soldiour, he will not hurt you. Come on, too't.

And. Pray God he keepe his oath.

Enter Antonio.

Vio. I do assure you tis against my will.

Ant. Put vp your sword: if this yong Gentleman
Haue done offence, I take the fault on me:
If you offend him, I for him defie you.

To. You sir? Why, what are you?

Ant. One sir, that for his loue dares yet do more
Then you haue heard him brag to you he will.

To. Nay, if you be an vndertaker, I am for you.

Enter Officers.

Fab. O good sir *Toby* hold: heere come the Officers.

To. Ile be with you anon.

Vio. Pray sir, put your sword vp if you please.

And. Marry will I sir: and for that I promis'd you Ile be as good as my word. Hee will beare you easily, and raines well.

1. *Off.* This is the man, do thy Office.

2. *Off.* *Anthonio*, I arrest thee at the suit of Count *Orsino*

An. You do mistake me sir.

1. *Off.* No sir, no iot: I know your fauour well:
Though now you haue no sea-cap on your head:
Take him away, he knowes I know him well.

Ant. I must obey. This comes with seeking you:
But there's no remedie, I shall answer it:
What will you do: now my necessitie
Makes me to aske you for my purse. It greeues mee
Much more, for what I cannot do for you,
Then what befals my selfe: you stand amaz'd,
But be of comfort.

2 *Off.* Come sir away.

Ant. I must entreat of you some of that money.

Vio. What money sir?
For the fayre kindnesse you haue shew'd me heere,
And part being prompted by your present trouble,
Out of my leane and low ability
Ile lend you something: my hauing is not much,
Ile make diuision of my present with you:
Hold, there's halfe my Coffer.

Ant. Will you deny me now,
Ist possible that my deserts to you
Can lacke persuasion. Do not tempt my misery,
Least that it make me so vnsound a man
As to vpbraid you with those kindnesses